Now *Iohn*, thy feares are vaniſht into ſmoake,
Arthur is dead, thou guiltleſſe of his death.
Sweet youth, but that I ſtriued for a crowne,
I could haue well afforded to thine age,
Long life and happineſſe to thy content.

Enter the Baſtard.

Ioh. Philip, what newes with thee?
Baſt. The newes I heard was *Peters* prayers,
Who wiſht like fortune to befall vs all:
And with that word the rope his lateſt friend,
Kept him from falling headlong to the ground.
Ioh. There let him hang, and be the Rauens food,
While *Iohn* triumphs in ſpite of Propheſies.
But whats the tydings from the Popelings now?
What ſay the Monkes and Prieſts to our proceedings?
Or wheres the Barons that ſo ſodainly
Did leaue the King vpon a ſal ſe ſurmiſe?
Baſt. The Prelates ſtorme, & thirſt for ſharpe reuenge:
But pleaſe your Maieſty, were that the worſt
It little skil'd: a greater danger growes,
Which muſt be weeded out with carefull ſpeed,
Or all is loſt, for all is leuel'd at.
Ioh. More frights and feares: what ere thy tidings bee,
I am prepar'd, then *Philip*, quickly ſay;
Meane they to murther or impriſon me,
To giue my Crowne away to Rome or France:
Or will they each of them become a King?
Worſe than I thinke it is, it cannot be.
Baſt. Not worſe my Lord, but euery whit as bad.
The Nobles haue elected *Lewis* King,
In right of Lady *Blanch*, your neece, his wife:
His landing is expected euery houre,
The Nobles, Commons, Clergie, all Eſtates,
Incited chiefly by the Cardinall,

Pan-

Pandulph that lies here Legate for the
Thinke long to ſee their new elected
And for vndoubted proofe, ſee heere
Letters to me from your Nobility,
To be a partie in this action:
Who vnder ſhew of fained holineſſe,
Appoint their meeting at S. *Edmund*
There to conſult, conſpire, and conc
The ouerthrow and downefall of yo
Ioh. Why ſo it muſt be, one houre
Match'd with a moneth of paſſionat
Why ſhines the Sunne to fauour this
Why doe the windes not breake thei
And ſcatter all theſe periur'd compli
With all their counſels and their dam
But ſee the welkin rolleth gently on,
There's not a lowring clowd doth fr
The heauen, the earth, the ſunne, the
Conſpire with thoſe confederates my
Then hell for me, if any power be th
Forſake that place, and guide me ſtep
To poyſon, ſtrangle, murther in their
Theſe traytors: oh that name is too g
And death is eaſie: is there nothing
To wreake me on this prowd peace-
What ſayſt thou *Philip*? why aſſiſts th
Baſt. Theſe curſes (good my Lor
Help muſt deſcend from heauen agai
Ioh. Nay, thou wilt proue a traytor
Goe get thee to them, ſhame come to
Baſt. I would be loth to leaue you
Yet you command, and I, though gri
Ioh. Ah *Philip*, whither go'ſt thou
Baſt. My Lord, theſe motions are
Ioh. A mad man *Philip*, I am mad
My heart is maz'd, my ſenſes all fored